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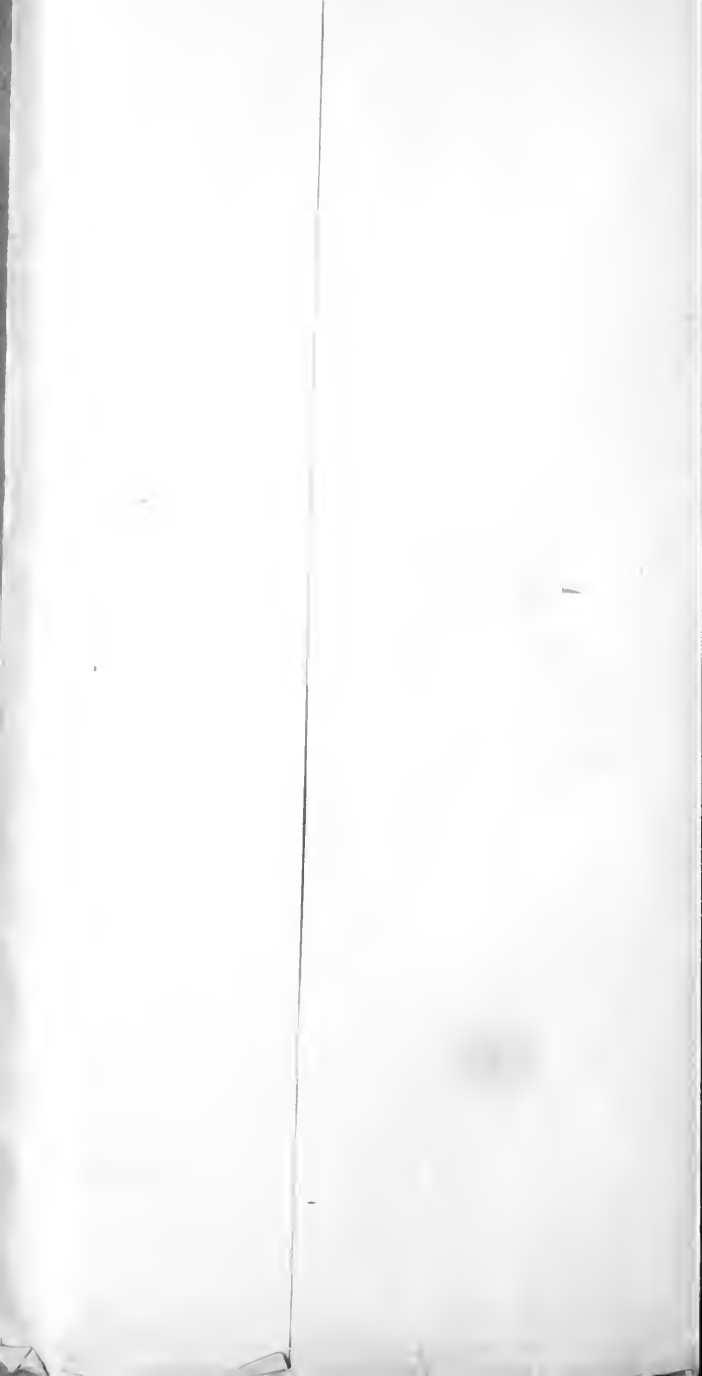




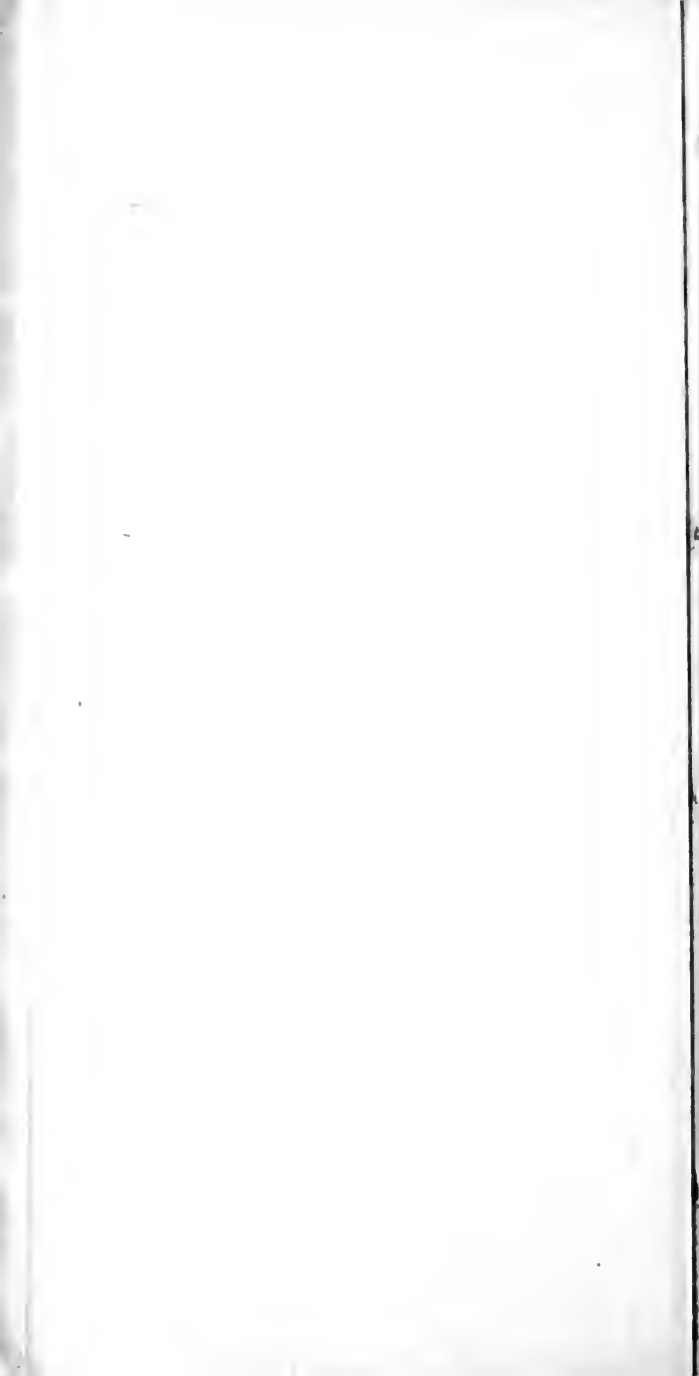




RŪBĀIYĀT.  
OF OMAR  
KHAYYĀM.



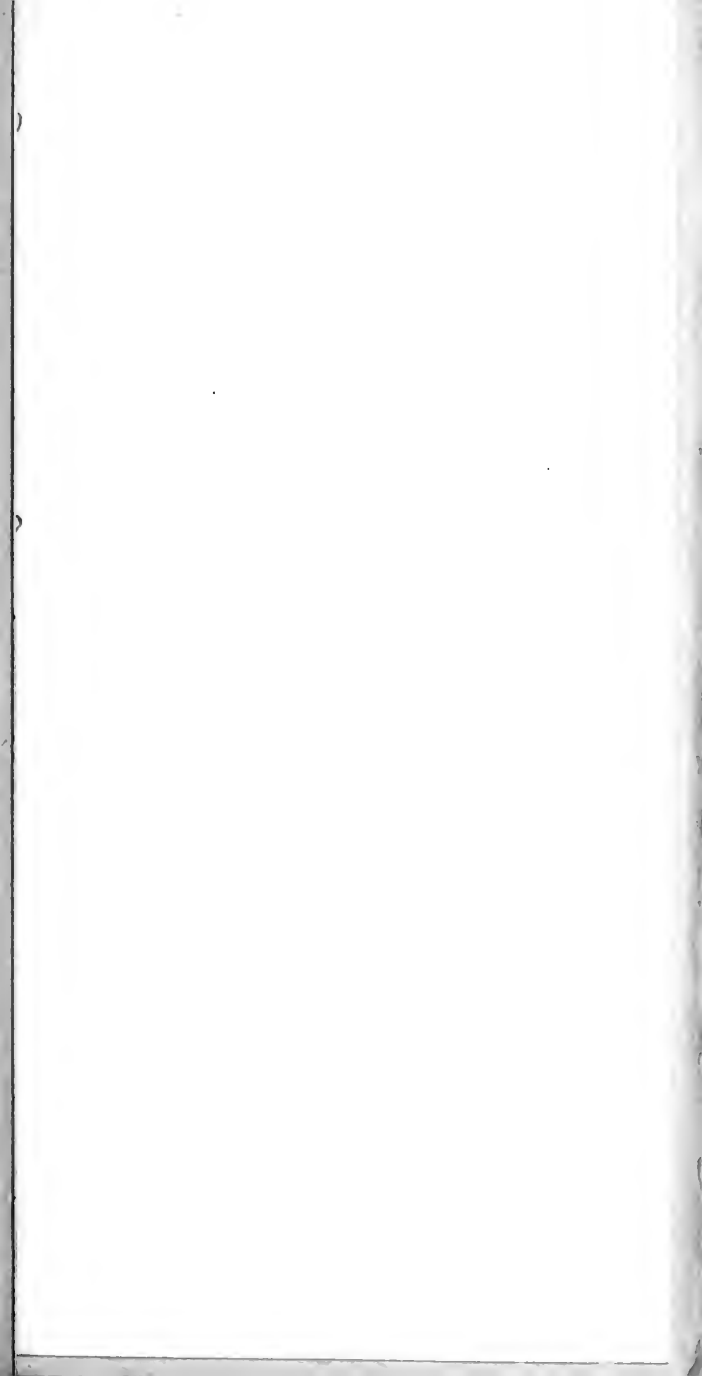






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OMAR KHAYYÁM

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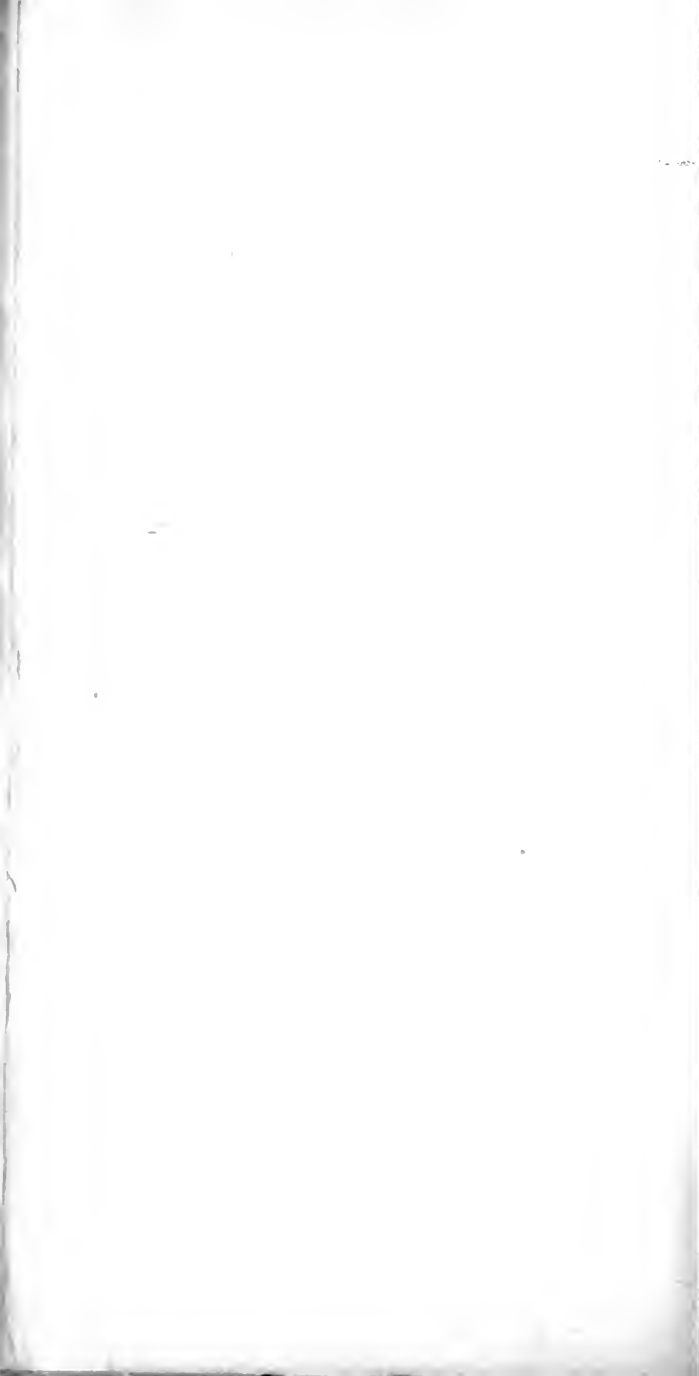
MAIN

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‘ And Thou  
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—  
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.’



## ILLUSTRATIONS

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From Water-colour Drawings by  
MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN

‘ And Thou  
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—  
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.’

*Frontispiece*

Old Khayyam.

*Title-page*

‘ Myself when young did eagerly frequent  
Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argu-  
ment

About it and about : but evermore  
Came out by the same Door as in I went.’

*Page sixteen*

‘ While the Rose blows along the River  
Brink,  
With Old Khayyam the Ruby Vintage  
drink :

And when the Angel with his darker  
Draught  
Draws up to Thee—take that, and do not  
shrink.’

*Page thirty-three*

End Papers by ROBERT HOPE



THE  
RUBÁIYÁT  
OF  
OMAR  
KHAYYÁM

FITZ GERALD'S TRANSLATION

I

AWAKE! for Morning in the Bowl  
of Night  
Has flung the Stone that puts the  
Stars to Flight:  
And Lo! the Hunter of the  
East has caught  
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of  
Light.

II

Dreaming when Dawn's Left  
Hand was in the Sky  
I heard a Voice within the Tavern  
cry,  
'Awake, my Little ones, and fill  
the Cup  
Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be  
dry.'

### III

And, as the Cock crew, those who  
stood before  
The Tavern shouted—‘Open then  
the Door!

You know how little while we  
have to stay,  
And, once departed, may return no  
more.’

### IV

Now the New Year reviving old  
Desires,  
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude  
retires,  
Where the WHITE HAND OF  
MOSES on the Bough  
Puts out, and Jesus from the  
Ground suspires.

### V

Iram indeed is gone with all its  
Rose,  
And Jamshyd’s Sev’n-ring’d Cup  
where no one knows;  
But still the Vine her ancient  
Ruby yields,  
And still a Garden by the Water  
blows.

## VI

And David's Lips are lock't; but  
in divine  
High-piping Pehlevi, with 'Wine!  
Wine! Wine!  
Red Wine!'—the Nightingale  
cries to the Rose  
That yellow Cheek of her's t' in-  
carnadine.

## VII

Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire  
of Spring  
The Winter Garment of Repent-  
ance fling:  
The Bird of Time has but a  
little way  
To fly—and Lo! the Bird is on the  
Wing.

## VIII

And look—a thousand Blossoms  
with the Day  
Woke—and a thousand scatter'd  
into Clay:  
And this first Summer Month  
that brings the Rose  
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobad  
away.

## IX

But come with old Khayyam and  
 leave the Lot  
 Of Kaikobad and Kaikhosru forgot:  
 Let Rustum lay about him as he  
 will,  
 Or Hatim Tai cry Supper—heed  
 them not.

## X

With me along some Strip of  
 Herbage strown  
 That just divides the desert from  
 the sown,  
 Where name of Slave and Sul-  
 tan scarce is known,  
 And pity Sultan Mahmud on his  
 Throne.

## XI

Here with a Loaf of Bread be-  
 neath the Bough,  
 A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse  
 —and Thou  
 Beside me singing in the Wil-  
 derness—  
 And Wilderness is Paradise enow.



XII

‘How sweet is mortal Sovranty’—  
think some :

Others—‘How blest the Paradise  
to come !’

Ah, take the Cash in hand and  
waive the Rest ;

Oh, the brave Music of a distant  
Drum !

XIII

Look to the Rose that blows about  
us—‘Lo,

Laughing,’ she says, ‘into the  
World I blow :

At once the silken Tassel of  
my Purse

Tear, and its Treasure on the  
Garden throw.’

XIV

The Worldly Hope men set their  
Hearts upon

Turns Ashes—or it prospers ; and  
anon,

Like Snow upon the Desert’s  
dusty Face

Lighting a little Hour or two—is  
gone.

XV

And those who husbanded the  
 Golden Grain,  
 And those who flung it to the  
 Winds like Rain,  
 Alike to no such aureate Earth  
 are turn'd  
 As, buried once, Men want dug  
 up again.

XVI

Think, in this batter'd Caravan-  
 serai  
 Whose Doorways are alternate  
 Night and Day,  
 How Sultan after Sultan with  
 his Pomp  
 Abode his Hour or two, and went  
 his way.

XVII

They say the Lion and the Lizard  
 keep  
 The Courts where Jamshyd gloried  
 and drank deep ;  
 And Bahram, that great Hunter  
 —the Wild Ass  
 Stamps o'er his Head, and he lies  
 fast asleep.



PAULINE TREMPERMAN 1905



## XVIII

I sometimes think that never blows  
 so red  
 The Rose as where some buried  
 Cæsar bled ;  
 That every Hyacinth the Gar-  
 den wears  
 Dropt in its Lap from some once  
 lovely Head.

## XIX

And this delightful Herb whose  
 tender Green  
 Fledges the River's Lip on which  
 we lean—  
 Ah! lean upon it lightly! for  
 who knows  
 From what once lovely Lip it  
 springs unseen!

## XX

Ah, my Beloved, fill the cup that  
 clears  
 To-DAY of past Regrets and future  
 Fears—  
 To-morrow?—Why, To-morrow  
 I may be  
 Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n  
 Thousand Years.

## XXI

Lo! some we loved, the loveliest  
 and the best  
 That Time and Fate of all their  
 Vintage prest,  
 Have drunk their Cup a Round  
 or two before,  
 And one by one crept silently to  
 Rest.

## XXII

And we, that now make merry  
 in the Room  
 They left, and Summer dresses in  
 new Bloom,  
 Ourselves must we beneath the  
 Couch of Earth  
 Descend, ourselves to make a  
 Couch—for whom?

## XXIII

Ah, make the most of what we yet  
 may spend,  
 Before we too into the Dust de-  
 scend;  
 Dust into Dust, and under  
 Dust, to lie,  
 Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer,  
 and—sans End!

## XXIV

Alike for those who for To-DAY  
 prepare,  
 And those that after a To-MORROW  
 stare,  
 A Muezzin from the Tower of  
 Darkness cries  
 'Fools! your Reward is neither  
 Here nor There!'

## XXV

Why, all the Saints and Sages who  
 discuss'd  
 Of the Two Worlds so learnedly,  
 are thrust  
 Like foolish Prophets forth;  
 their Words to Scorn  
 Are scatter'd, and their Mouths  
 are stopt with Dust.

## XXVI

Oh, come with old Khayyam, and  
 leave the Wise  
 To talk; one thing is certain, that  
 Life flies;  
 One thing is certain, and the  
 Rest is Lies;  
 The Flower that once has blown  
 for ever dies.

' Myself when young did eagerly frequent  
Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argu-  
ment

About it and about : but evermore  
Came out by the same Door as in I went.'



## XXVII

Myself when young did eagerly  
 frequent  
 Doctor and Saint, and heard great  
 Argument  
 About it and about: but ever-  
 more  
 Came out by the same Door as in  
 I went.

## XXVIII

With them the Seed of Wisdom  
 did I sow,  
 And with my own hand labour'd  
 it to grow:  
 And this was all the Harvest  
 that I reap'd—  
 'I came like Water, and like Wind  
 I go.'

## XXIX

Into this Universe, and why not  
 knowing,  
 Nor whence, like Water willy-nilly  
 flowing:  
 And out of it, as Wind along  
 the Waste,  
 I know not whither, willy-nilly  
 blowing.

## XXX

What, without asking, hither  
 hurried whence?  
 And, without asking, whither  
 hurried hence!  
 Another and another Cup to  
 drown  
 The Memory of this Impertin-  
 ence!

## XXXI

Up from Earth's Centre through  
 the Seventh Gate  
 I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn  
 sate,  
 And many Knots unravel'd by  
 the Road;  
 But not the Knot of Human Death  
 and Fate.

## XXXII

There was a Door to which I found  
 no Key:  
 There was a Veil past which I could  
 not see:  
 Some little Talk awhile of ME  
 and THEE  
 There seem'd—and then no more  
 of THEE and ME.

## XXXIII

Then to the rolling Heav'n itself  
 I cried,  
 Asking, 'What Lamp had Destiny  
 to guide  
 Her little Children stumbling in  
 the Dark?'  
 And—'A blind Understanding!'  
 Heav'n replied.

## XXXIV

Then to this earthen Bowl did I  
 adjourn  
 My Lip the secret Well of Life to  
 learn :  
 And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—  
 'While you live  
 Drink!—for once dead you never  
 shall return.'

## XXXV

I think the Vessel, that with fugi-  
 tive  
 Articulation answer'd, once did  
 live,  
 And merry-make; and the cold  
 Lip I kiss'd  
 How many Kisses might it take—  
 and give!

## XXXVI

For in the Market-place, one Dusk  
 of Day,  
 I watch'd the Potter thumping his  
 wet Clay :  
 And with its all obliterated  
 Tongue  
 It murmur'd — 'Gently, Brother,  
 gently, pray !'

## XXXVII

Ah, fill the Cup :—what boots it to  
 repeat  
 How Time is slipping underneath  
 our Feet :  
 Unborn TO-MORROW and dead  
 YESTERDAY,  
 Why fret about them if TO-DAY  
 be sweet !

## XXXVIII

One Moment in Annihilation's  
 Waste,  
 One Moment, of the Well of Life  
 to taste—  
 The Stars are setting and the  
 Caravan  
 Starts for the Dawn of Nothing—  
 Oh, make haste !

How long, how long, in definite  
 Pursuit  
 Of This and That endeavour and  
 dispute?  
 Better be merry with the fruitful  
 Grape  
 Than sadden after none, or bitter,  
 Fruit.

## XL

You know, my Friends, how long  
 since in my House  
 For a new Marriage I did make  
 Carouse :  
 Divorced old barren Reason  
 from my Bed,  
 And took the Daughter of the Vine  
 to Spouse.

## XLI

For 'Is' and 'Is-NOT' though with  
 Rule and Line,  
 And 'UP-AND-DOWN' without, I  
 could define,  
 I yet in all I only cared to know,  
 Was never deep in anything but—  
 Wine.

XLII

And lately, by the Tavern Door  
 agape,  
 Came stealing through the Dusk  
 an Angel Shape  
 Bearing a Vessel on his Shoul-  
 der; and  
 He bid me taste of it; and 'twas  
 —the Grape!

XLIII

The Grape that can with Logic  
 absolute  
 The Two-and-Seventy jarring  
 Sects confute:  
 The subtle Alchemist that in a  
 Trice  
 Life's leaden Metal into Gold trans-  
 mute.

XLIV

The mighty Mahmud, the victori-  
 ous Lord,  
 That all the black and misbeliev-  
 ing Horde  
 Of Fears and Sorrows that infest  
 the Soul  
 Scatters and slays with his en-  
 charmed Sword.

XLV

But leave the Wise to wrangle, and  
 with me  
 The Quarrel of the Universe let  
 be:

And, in some corner of the Hub-  
 bub coucht,  
 Make Game of that which makes  
 as much of Thee.

XLVI

For in and out, above, about, be-  
 low,  
 'Tis nothing but a Magic Shadow-  
 show,  
 Play'd in a Box whose Candle is  
 the Sun,  
 Round which we Phantom Figures  
 come and go.

XLVII

And if the Wine you drink, the  
 Lip you press,  
 End in the Nothing all Things end  
 in—Yes—  
 Then fancy while Thou art,  
 Thou art but what  
 Thou shalt be—Nothing—Thou  
 shalt not be less.

XLVIII

While the Rose blows along the  
 River Brink,  
 With old Khayyam the Ruby Vin-  
 tage drink :  
 And when the Angel with his  
 darker Draught  
 Draws up to Thee—take that, and  
 do not shrink.

XLIX

'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights  
 and Days  
 Where Destiny with Men for  
 Pieces plays :  
 Hither and thither moves, and  
 mates, and slays,  
 And one by one back in the Closet  
 lays.

L

The Ball no Question makes of  
 Ayes and Noes,  
 But Right or Left as strikes the  
 Player goes ;  
 And He that toss'd Thee down  
 into the Field,  
 He knows about it all—He knows  
 —HE knows !



LI

The Moving Finger writes; and,  
 having writ,  
 Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor  
 Wit  
 Shall lure it back to cancel half  
 a Line,  
 Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word  
 of it.

LII

And that inverted Bowl we call  
 the Sky,  
 Whereunder crawling coopt we  
 live and die,  
 Lift not thy hands to It for help  
 —for It  
 Rolls impotently on as Thou or I.

LIII

With Earth's first Clay They did  
 the last Man's knead,  
 And then of the Last Harvest  
 sow'd the Seed:  
 Yea, the first Morning of Crea-  
 tion wrote  
 What the Last Dawn of Reckon-  
 ing shall read.

## LIV

I tell Thee this—When, starting  
 from the Goal,  
 Over the shoulders of the flaming  
 Foal  
 Of Heav'n Parwin and Mushtara  
 they flung,  
 In my predestin'd Plot of Dust  
 and Soul

## LV

The Vine had struck a Fibre;  
 which about  
 If clings my Being—let the Sufi  
 flout;  
 Of my Base Metal may be filed  
 a Key,  
 That shall unlock the Door he  
 howls without.

## LVI

And this I know: whether the one  
 True Light,  
 Kindle to Love, or Wrath consume  
 me quite,  
 One Glimpse of It within the  
 Tavern caught  
 Better than in the Temple lost out-  
 right.

LVII

Oh Thou, who didst with Pitfall  
 and with Gin  
 Beset the Road I was to wander  
 in,  
 Thou wilt not with Predestina-  
 tion round  
 Enmesh me, and impute my Fall  
 to Sin?

LVIII

Oh Thou, who Man of baser  
 Earth didst make,  
 And who with Eden didst devise  
 the Snake;  
 For all the Sin wherewith the  
 Face of Man  
 Is blacken'd, Man's Forgiveness  
 give—and take!

\* \* \* \*

## KÚZA-NÁMA

### LIX

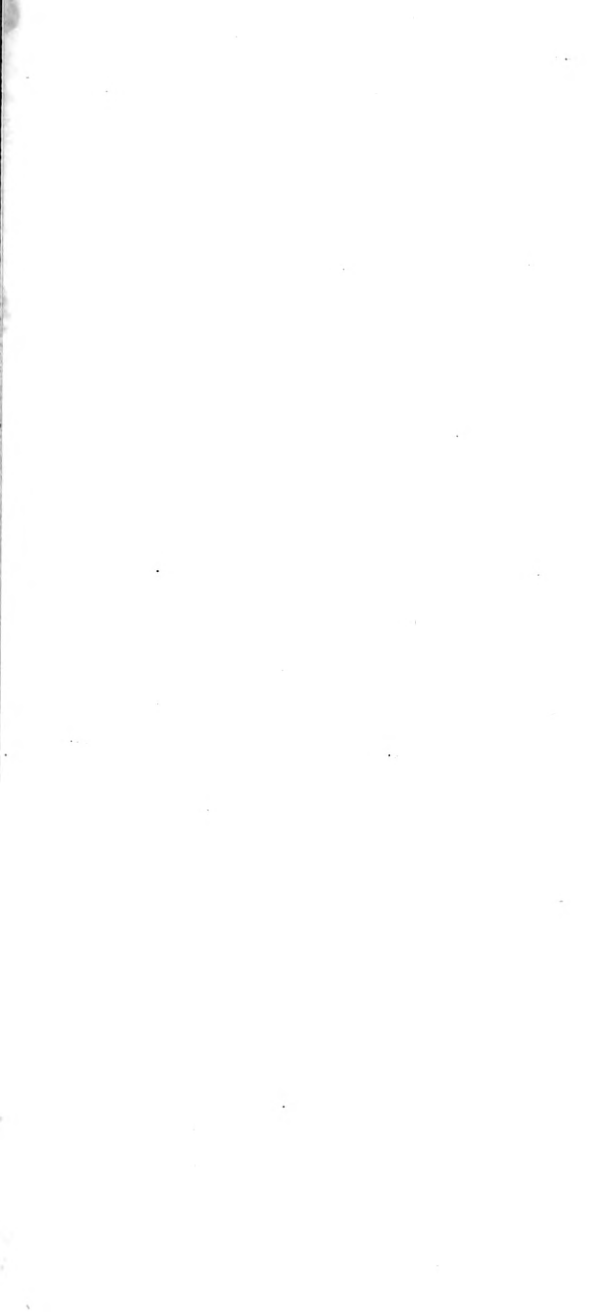
Listen again. One Evening at the  
Close  
Of Ramazan, ere the better Moon  
arose,  
In that old Potter's Shop I stood  
alone  
With the clay Population round in  
Rows.

### LX

And, strange to tell, among the  
Earthen Lot  
Some could articulate, while others  
not:  
And suddenly one more im-  
patient cried—  
'Who is the Potter, pray, and who  
the Pot?'

### LXI

Then said another—'Surely not in  
vain  
My substance from the common  
Earth was ta'en,  
That He who subtly wrought me  
into Shape  
Should stamp me back to common  
Earth again.'





LXII

Another said—‘ Why, ne’er a  
 peevish Boy,  
 Would break the Bowl from which  
 he drank in Joy :  
 Shall He that made the Vessel  
 in pure Love  
 And Fancy, in an after Rage de-  
 stroy ! ’

LXIII

None answer’d this ; but after  
 Silence spake  
 A Vessel of a more ungainly Make :  
 ‘ They sneer at me for leaning  
 all awry ;  
 What ! did the Hand then of the  
 Potter shake ? ’

LXIV

Said one—‘ Folks of a surly Tap-  
 ster tell,  
 And daub his Visage with the  
 Smoke of Hell ;  
 They talk of some strict Testing  
 of us—Pish !  
 He’s a Good Fellow, and ’twill all  
 be well.’

## LXV

Then said another with a long-  
 drawn Sigh,  
 'My Clay with long obhivion is  
 gone dry :  
 But, fill me with the old familiar  
 Juice,  
 Methinks I might recover by-and-  
 bye !'

## LXVI

So while the Vessels one by one  
 were speaking,  
 One spied the little Crescent all  
 were seeking :  
 And then they jogg'd each other,  
 'Brother, Brother !  
 Hark to the Porter's Shoulder-  
 knot a-creaking !'

\*            \*            \*            \*

## LXVII

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life  
 provide,  
 And wash my Body whence the  
 Life has died,  
 And in a Windingsheet of Vine-  
 leaf wrapt,  
 So bury me by some sweet Garden-  
 side.



LXVIII

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a  
     Snare  
 Of perfume shall fling up into the  
     Air,  
     As not a true Believer passing  
     by  
 But shall be overtaken unaware.

LXIX

Indeed the Idols I have loved so  
     long  
 Have done my Credit in Men's  
     Eye much wrong:  
     Have drown'd my Honour in a  
     shallow Cup,  
 And sold my Reputation for a Song.

LXX

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft be-  
     fore  
 I swore—but was I sober when I  
     swore?  
     And then and then came Spring,  
     and Rose-in-hand  
 My thread-bare Penitence a-pieces  
     tore.

## LXXI

And much as Wine has play'd the  
 Infidel,  
 And robb'd me of my Robe of  
 Honour—well,  
 I often wonder what the Vint-  
 ners buy  
 One-half so precious as the Goods  
 they sell.

## LXXII

Alas, that Spring should vanish  
 with the Rose !  
 That Youth's sweet-scented Manu-  
 script should close !  
 The Nightingale that in the  
 Branches sang,  
 Ah, whence, and whither flown  
 again, who knows !

## LXXIII

Ah Love ! could thou and I with  
 Fate conspire  
 To grasp this sorry Scheme of  
 Things entire,  
 Would not we shatter it to bits  
 —and then  
 Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's  
 Desire ?

‘ While the Rose blows along the River  
Brink,  
With Old Khayyam the Ruby Vintage  
drink :  
And when the Angel with his darker  
Draught  
Draws up to Thee—take that, and do not  
shrink.’

## LXXIV

Ah, Moon of my Delight who  
know'st no wane,  
The Moon of Heav'n is rising  
once again :  
How oft hereafter rising shall  
she look  
Through this same Garden after  
me—in vain !

## LXXV

And when Thyself with shining  
Foot shall pass  
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd  
on the Grass,  
And in thy joyous Errand reach  
the Spot  
Where I made one—turn down an  
empty Glass !

TAMÁM SHUD

## NOTE

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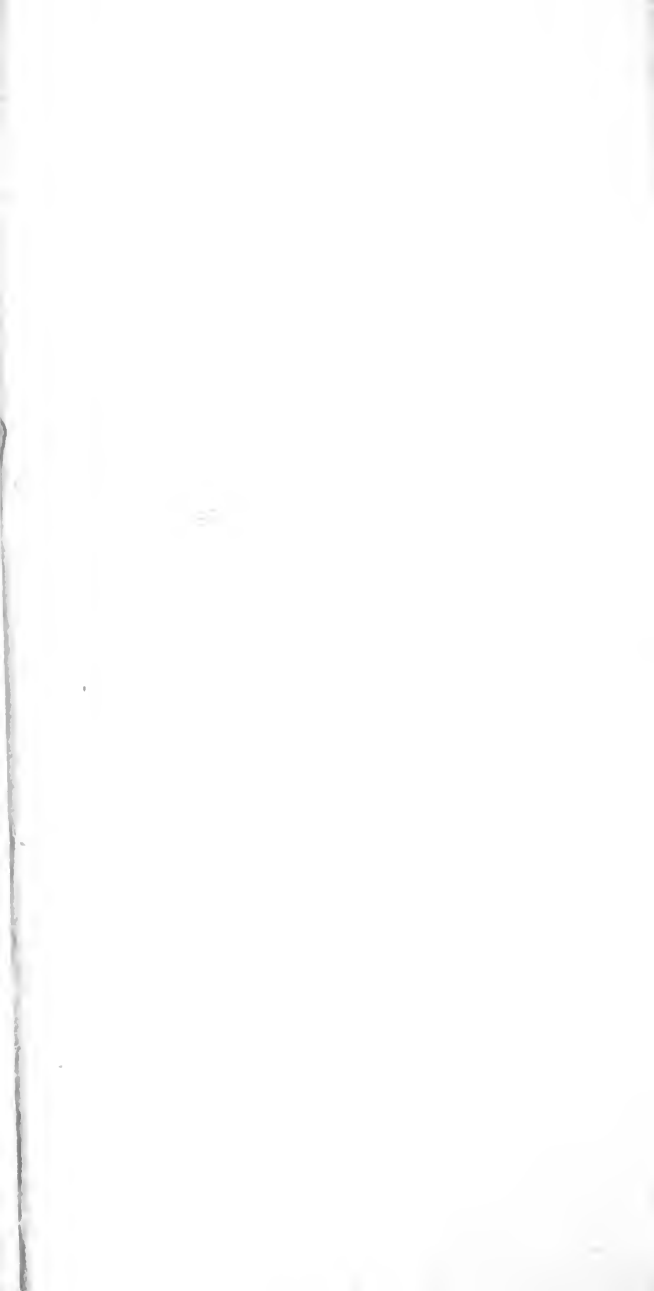
OF information regarding the actual life of Omar Khayyám, the astronomer poet of Persia, we have practically none. He was born, it is said, about 1018, and died in 1123, at the age of one hundred and five.

The first English version of his quatrains, from which this is reprinted, was written by Fitz Gerald, and published in 1859, and, nine years later, reissued to a still unappreciative public, with the stanzas increased to one hundred and ten. In subsequent versions the number of verses was reduced to one hundred and one.

Edward Fitz Gerald, unrewarded by the gratitude of a now ever-widening circle of admirers of this Epicurean philosophical poem, died in 1883, leaving this little classic a monument to his genius.



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